

TRAINING SCHOOL GIRLS IN REVOLT

Led by Sixteen-Year-Old Malcontent They Nearly Escape from Institution in Brooklyn, and Riot Ensues.

CLOTHES TORN; HAIR PULLED

Chief Culpit, Arraigned in Court, Persuades Father to Take Her Home and Give Her Chance to Be Good.

Pretty sixteen-year-old Marion Allen, with big, penitent tears streaming down her cheeks, pleaded so hard and earnestly for her father to take her home and give her one more chance that she won over Magistrate Furlong and Agent Fulk, of the Children's Society, in the Gates Avenue Court, Brooklyn, this morning.

They wanted to send her back to the Brooklyn Training School at No. 1483 Pacific street. She was taken from the institution last night by Detective McKinley and Thompson, who had been called into the home by the matron, Miss Sherock, who said the girl was molesting the other girls to break out of the place.

Just after supper last night, according to the matron, Marion gathered about twenty of the thirty girls around her and led a revolt. She walked up to Miss Sherock and demanded that they be allowed to go out and enjoy themselves. She told the matron that she was going to take the girls over to Chinatown to see the sights. The matron refused to consent and ordered Marion to bed at once.

Led the Girls in Revolt. Instead of obeying, the plucky little girl started for the wardrobe, followed by the other girls, to get her things. "Follow me, girls," she yelled, defiantly, "and you'll all have a good time."

The matron and some of the women in the home interfered and tried to resist the efforts of the girls. There was a small-sized riot, in which hair was pulled and faces scratched. The clothes of one of the women were torn off her back.

Mean while Miss Sherock had gone to the telephone and called in the police. The detective arrived just as the girls were carrying everything before them. In another five minutes they would have overpowered the women and all escaped. The detectives took Marion, the ringleader, to the rooms of the Children's Society, where she sat out the night.

In court this morning Agent Fulk told Magistrate Furlong that Marion was a desperate girl. She had been arrested for falling with another girl and five young fellows from the notorious Bedford avenue gang. They were found in an empty room on Bedford avenue, where they spent four days and nights. Two of the young men are now serving time in prison for abduction.

Weather Gives Her One Chance. Marion's father appeared against her in court, and said he would have nothing more to do with her. He said she was headstrong and incorrigible. "Please, oh, please, papa, give me one more chance," cried Marion. "I would only speak kindly to me. I would be a better girl. Please take me home again with you."

"No," said her father, sternly, "you've had all the chance you're going to get from me." The girl continued to plead, and finally, on urging by Magistrate Furlong, who said she ought to be allowed to reform, her father consented to take her for a month on probation. "If she breaks out again," he said, "I'll bring her back."

Marion seized his hand joyfully, and together they walked out of court.

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD RINGLEADER WHO LED GIRLS IN SCHOOL RIOT.



TOM OCHILTREE, "ONE OF THE BEST"

Tribute on Coffin Plate Confirmed by Floral Gifts from Prominent People at Funeral

THOMAS F. OCHILTREE,
Died Nov. 25.
"One of the Best."

This tribute, reflected from the silver plate of the casket, was the only one in words paid to the memory of the famous wit and bon vivant at the funeral services held to-day in the Church of the Paulist Fathers, Sixtieth street and Columbus avenue.

But there were flowers which bespoke the affection in which Col. Ochiltree had been held by friends in the four corners of the earth.

From Lily Langtree, on the Isle of Jersey, came a huge bouquet of violets. Baron Lehman, in Germany, expressed his sorrow in a great wreath of roses. The casket was fairly buried beneath other magnificent floral offerings from James R. Keene, the millionaire turfman; Foxhall Keene, Gen. M. J. O'Brien, Clarence H. Mackay and others.

There were not over 150 persons in the church. The requiem mass was celebrated by Rev. John Hughes. The honorary pallbearers were Andrew M. Dickenson, J. H. Bradford, Major R. H. Griffin, Major Edward Owen, Gen. M. J. O'Brien, C. H. Mackay, Major W. H. Clark, Christian Krogh von Beck, representing Baron Lehman, of Germany, and Carroll Livingston.

The remains, brought here from Hot Springs, Va., by J. F. McDonald, will repose in the vault at Greenwood until the arrival of a sister from New Mexico.

SO RICH DON'T MISS DIAMONDS.

Here's Another Valuable Jewel Found, and the \$3,000 Ring's Still Unclaimed.

If the remarkable carelessness which prosperity is developing among some people continues much longer a special strong-room for jewels will have to be constructed at the lost property bureau. Last week a woman tried to pawn for \$150 a ring which must have cost \$3,000. She said she found it at the Horse Show while scrubbing the floors. The owner has so many rings, evidently, that she has not missed this one, as no one has as yet claimed it.

Now the police of the West forty-seventh street station have another diamond ring. This one is worth \$1,500, and whoever lost it cares so little about the bauble that no report has been made of it nor has the owner appeared to claim it.

This one was secured from ten-year-old Edward Small, of No. 341 West Forty-ninth street. He went into Nicholas Wale's pawn shop at No. 84 Sixth avenue and tried to borrow \$1 on it. The pawnbroker called the police, who took the ring and the boy's statement. He said he found it on the sidewalk at Fifth avenue and Forty-seventh street, in front of Miss Helen Gould's home.

Besides the articles identified the police have many other expensive jewels for which there is no claimant.

SAID "MOVE ON" TO DEAD MAN.

An aged man walking through East Eleventh street became suddenly sick. He sat down on a stoop, and a policeman who told him to move on discovered that he was dead. Papers found in his pockets showed that he was John Hogan, Superintendent of Calvary Cemetery, and that he lived at Elmhurst, L. I.

DIED WITH TWO FAITHFUL DOGS.

Morley Carelessly left Gas Jet Open and He and His Canine Pets Were Asphyxiated While They Slept.

"DEATH CARD" AT PINOCHLE

He Got It Every Deal While Playing Last Night and Warned His Friends that Misfortune Was Impending.

With the two fox terrier dogs he had loved and which had died while keeping guard beside the bed on which he lay, George Morley, head carpenter in the construction work of the Roman Catholic Asylum, was found asphyxiated by gas in his room on the second floor of Senno's Hotel, on Kingsbridge road, in the Bronx, at 6 o'clock this morning.

Another pathetic phase of the man's death is that his two daughters are in mid-ocean on their way to Ireland to visit their birthplace, and, of course, know nothing of the misfortune that has befallen them.

If Morley's spirit could be communicated with to-day it might attribute his death to the fact that the nine of clubs, known among pinochle players as the "death card," was dealt him frequently while playing with his friends in the hotel last night. Morley was very superstitious on this point, and told Antonio Senno, proprietor of the hotel, that he was sure something was going to happen to him.

"You may laugh, Senno," said Morley, "but I have been given the nine of clubs in every deal of the cards. You know what that means."

The other men at the table ridiculed his fears, but he was only partially reassured when he went to his room at midnight.

All through the game Morley's fox terriers lay underneath the table, close to their master's feet, and followed him to his room when he went up to bed. They generally slept on the floor close to the door, and at the least sound they would alarm the sleeping man by barking or tugging at the bedclothes.

This morning, about 6 o'clock, Mrs. Senno, wife of the hotel proprietor, smelt gas. She finally traced it to Morley's room and knocked on the door. She knew as soon as she had knocked that something was wrong, for the dogs were silent. The hotel-keeper and his wife burst open the door. The sight which met their eyes made them weep. On the bed was the body of their jolly friend and on the floor beside the bed were his faithful canine companions.

Investigation showed that the cock of the gas bracket was half turned on, left so by accident, it is believed.

The only relative of Morley in this country is his brother, H. Morley, who lives at No. 88 Beahart place, Elizabeth, N. J., and at whose request the body and the effects of the dead man will be shipped to Elizabeth.

FRENCH CLAIMS PROGRESS.

PARIS, Nov. 28.—The French Foreign Office has not considered the question of French participation in the British-German naval demonstration against Venezuela, as the French claims are making reasonable progress toward adjustment. The officials here take a favorable view of the British-German plan as being likely to serve the interests of all the Powers and at the same time more fully define the real meaning of the Monroe Doctrine.

NO WEDDINGS WHILE YOU WAIT

Rev. Dr. Houghton Says He Will no Longer Perform Them at the "Little Church Around the Corner."

COUPLES MUST BE KNOWN.

This Ruling Closes New York's Most Popular Gretna Green, Where Marriage Was to Be Had for the Asking.

Romance has received a deadly blow. The Little Church Around the Corner has turned its back on it. Hereafter lovers pursued by angry papas; over-night acquaintances smitten heavily by Cupid's darts; rough and tumble tusslers of matrimony without previous training for the ordeal; in fact all unconventional persons who want to have the knot tied with as little ceremony as possible will have to hunt another Gretna Green.

Dr. George Clarke Houghton, the rector who succeeded his uncle at the Church of the Transfiguration, has laid down the law; he has given an ultimatum. He is too busy, he says, to be bothered with lovers running to him from the four quarters of the earth to get married. He vows that he won't do it any more, unless he knows who the persons are or they come to him accredited by persons whom he knows.

Therefore good-bye to those hot cab chases around the corner of Fifth avenue into Twenty-ninth street, excited young men and maidens—or possibly divorcees—bouncing out of the cabs and demanding of the sexton to send for the minister at once. The game is too strenuous for Dr. Houghton, and, in the language of the stage, he "cuts it out."

This is official, for he has published it in the Kalender, the monthly paper of the church. Here is what he says: "This autumn has brought me a great many experiences, and among them a large number of weddings, which I have been obliged to decline, because I do not know the parties. It is necessary that I should know the people who come to me for marriage, or they must be vouched for by persons whom I know, and they must have acceptable witnesses. . . . There is a limit to the interpretation of charity, and I limit 'secret marriages' and marriages unaccompanied by family recognition."

Dr. Houghton refused to talk about his new resolve to-day. He had a duly accredited pair to marry when the reporter saw him. The church was pretty well filled, showing that there had been due notice given of the event. In explanation of his refusal to talk he merely said he was too busy, as he had to get to the bank before it was closed. He was in such a rush to make it that he asked the bride if she would take the groom to his lawful wedded wife. She said she would as he let it go at that.

The Little Church Around the Corner has been famous for years as a place where any person planning for matrimony could get the knot tied without more bother than was legally necessary. A great many theatrical people resorted there for that purpose and it came to be looked upon as the especial church of the theatrical profession.

TO STUDY OUR HOSPITALS.

Sir Vincent Harrington Visits Bellevue to Examine Its Methods.

Sir Vincent Kenneth Harrington, chairman of the Metropolitan Asylum Board, of London, visited Bellevue Hospital this morning. This board controls all the hospitals and asylums in London. Sir Vincent is on a tour of inspection of similar institutions in this country to study American methods.

Superintendent Rickard, of Bellevue, showed him through the hospital, and sent in several hurry calls to illustrate practically the quickness and discipline of the staff.

MINISTER WHO CLOSES FAMOUS GRETNA GREEN



POLICE CELLS SHUT BY HEALTH BOARD.

New Rochelle Has No Place to Keep Prisoners and Aldermen Blamed for the Dilemma.

(Special to The Evening World.)

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Nov. 28.—The New Rochelle police are in a dilemma. The Board of Health met to-day and passed resolutions condemning as filthy pens the police-station cells and ordered them immediately boarded up. This summary action leaves no available place for the confinement of prisoners, the nearest jail being in White Plains, twelve miles away.

The Police Commissioners have repeatedly petitioned the Common Council to improve the condition of the lockup, but all have been ignored. The Board of Health now threatens to convert the Common Council chamber in the City Hall into a temporary jail, and Police Chief Timmons concurs in the belief that the place could be made to answer for a time. The Aldermen, however, will question the right of the Health Board to take such action without their consent, and so the police and the city at large face a hard problem.

KILLED HIMSELF IN A CAB.

Chicago's Oldest Traction Employee Shoots Himself.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—Friends of John Rohlack, the oldest employee of the Union Traction Company, who shot himself after telling his wife that he hoped to have her join him soon in California, are wondering whether he suddenly became insane.

Bidding his wife good-bye and waving his hand to his little two-year-old child, Rohlack entered a cab in front of his home, pulled down the shade on the window and placing a revolver to his mouth, committed suicide. He was on his way to California, having left the services of the traction company.

HURT BY FALLING LUMBER.

Foreman of Longshoremen Injured While Unloading Vessel.

Joseph Patterson, of No. 135 Van Dyke street, Brooklyn, who is foreman of a crew of men at Pier No. 64, West Thirty-fourth street and North River, was seriously injured by falling lumber early to-day. He is now in Roosevelt Hospital with his face and scalp badly cut.

While the men were unloading the lumber from the steamer Cosu a pile of boards slipped and Patterson was almost buried. It was several minutes before he could be extricated. He was unconscious when taken to the hospital.

TO TRY ACCUSED SCHOOLMASTER.

Committee on Special Schools Expected to Fix Early Day to Hear Charges of Cruelty at Truant School.

HAS FULL POWER TO ACT.

Its Decision Binding on Board of Education, but Will Not Act as a Bar to a Criminal Trial for Cruelty.

An investigation will be held in the Board of Education Building at Fifty-ninth street and Park avenue within the next few days of the charges of cruelty made against Alfred T. V. Brennan, principal of the New York Truant School, and Marcus L. Browne, one of the orderlies there, who, it is alleged, flogged and otherwise mistreated several of the youngsters intrusted to their care.

"I hope the committee on special schools, which has supervision of all matters in the Truant School, will lose no time in naming a day for the trial," said Supt. William H. Maxwell to-day. "The chairman, Felix M. Warburg, tells me that he will call a meeting for that purpose as soon as he can get all the members together. They will hold a regular court trial, where witnesses will be called and all the evidence heard. If Mr. Brennan is found to be guilty, it rests entirely with the committee what penalty he shall suffer. He may be disciplined, suspended indefinitely, or only fined."

"These cages are brought by the Board of Education as the complainant, and have nothing to do with the criminal or civil actions which may be brought later by the parents of the children against this principal and orderly for assault."

Looked in his desk, Dr. Maxwell has the section of rubber hose with which Principal Brennan is accused of having flogged little Oscar Lehr until the boy was covered with welts and bruises. Although a diligent search has been instituted, the matrons and other employees of the Truant School have been unable to find the yard-stick studded with nails, with which, it is said, Browne beat "Buzzy" Kleber almost into insensibility.

The Committee on Special Schools, which will conduct the trial, consists of Felix M. Warburg, chairman, of No. 18 East Seventy-second street; Frank L. Babbot, of No. 149 Lincoln place, Brooklyn; Frank Harvey Field, of No. 274 Sierling place, Brooklyn; Louis Haupt, of No. 222 East Nineteenth street; Pierre Jay, of No. 49 East Sixty-fourth street; George W. Schaefer, of No. 284 Manhattan avenue, Brooklyn, and Thomas B. Connery, of No. 403 West Fifty-eighth street.

USED HIM AS A TARGET.

Mystery in the Shooting of Max Shapiro in Crosby Street.

While Max Shapiro, of No. 284 East Fourth street, was sauntering down Crosby street last night Giovanni Vauna, an Italian, fired three shots at him. The first hit Shapiro in the thigh, but did not disable him, and he disappeared around the corner like a streak of lightning.

Vauna was arrested and held this morning in \$500 bail. He says he comes from Port Richmond, S. I. In his pocket was found a revolver with three chambers discharged. Shapiro says he never saw his assailant before and cannot imagine why he should have been selected as a target.

FIREMAN HURT FATALLY AT FIRE

James Dawe, Blinded by Smoke, Fell from the Roof Seventy Feet to the Stone-Paved Courtyard.

TAKEN TO HOSPITAL DYING.

Blaze Started in the Basement of an Apartment-House at No. 724 Carroll Street and Caused Damage Aggregating \$15,000.

Fireman James Dawe, of Engine Company No. 139, was fatally injured in a fire in a four-story apartment-house at No. 724 Carroll street, near the Park Slope, Brooklyn, to-day. Many of the tenants had narrow escapes in getting out by way of the stairways, as the flames spread rapidly through the building, causing damage amounting to about \$15,000 before they were extinguished.

The fire was discovered by the janitor of an apartment house across the street, who saw flames spring from the basement windows. He ran over to investigate and found the whole basement ablaze. The fire had started from the woodwork in the boiler room.

The janitor, Thomas Ryan, ran through the building alarming the tenants and then turned in an alarm. Before the engines arrived the fire had spread through the dumbwaiter shaft to the flats in the building. Two additional alarms were turned in, as it was feared adjoining buildings would go.

Fireman Lawe was on the roof of the burning building with a line of hose, when he was forced to retreat from the airshaft by a burst of flame. In the smoke he did not see the edge of the roof and stepped off seventy feet to the stone-paved rear courtyard. He sustained internal injuries and broken bones and was taken to Seney Hospital in a dying condition.

The same apartment house was gutted by fire a year ago, caused by a lamp upsetting in the rooms of a tenant. None of the occupants of the house was injured to-day, but many of the women and children suffered from smoke.

CHILD LAY CRYING BY FATHER'S BODY.

Mother Was Out at the Theatre When Father Committed Suicide.

Early this morning Mrs. Bervoort returned to her home at No. 377 Bleecker street to find her little daughter weeping beside the dead body of her husband, John J. Bervoort, who had committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid.

Mrs. Bervoort and her sister had gone to the theatre, and as soon as they left the house he drank the acid. His eleven-year-old daughter Edith ran to him.

"Never mind," he said. "It is all over this time." The little girl, realizing that her father was dying, pleaded with him to let her run for assistance, but he kept her by his side until, ten minutes after drinking the acid, he died.

TO-MORROW'S SUNDAY WORLD.

Wonderful Likeness of Two Beauties.

The Strange Resemblance Between Vivian Sartoris Scovel and Lady Violet Romily, Not Only in Appearance but in the Events of Their Lives.

How to Massage the Throat.

By Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

The Wonders of New York. No. 6—Its Colossal Hotels.

Perhaps the Most Interesting So Far in the Sunday World's Series of Little Journeys About the Metropolis for New Yorkers Who Don't Know Their City.

Rockefeller's \$200,000,000.00 Secret Out at Last.

The True Story, Told for the First Time, of the Origin of a Scheme Which Has Made Its Inventor the Richest Man in the World.
An Astonishing Story, Fully Illustrated.

How Monkeys Reason.

By R. L. Garner.

The Famous Scientist Makes Public the Final Results of His Researches in the Jungle, and Tells in Detail the Process by Which He Has Learned How to Gauge an Ape's Thoughts.

A Most Important Scientific Article.

Oliver Optic Up to Date. A Schoolboy Dream Realized.

The Wonderful Voyages Which Two Hundred and Fifty Boys Will Take in a Great School Ship. A Plan That Will Make Boys Envious.

Mrs. Tingley's "Spot," the New Sphinx.

The Theosophist's King Charles Spaniel, Which She Believes is the Reincarnation of W. Q. Judge, Founder of Her Strange Cult.

The Great "Funny Side."

This Week Funnier than Ever.

Missing! A \$1,000,000 Will!

The Romantic Story of the Quest for the Last Testament of John McCormack Gibson, in Which He Bequeathed a Fortune to the Woman Who Had Just Become His Wife.

Head-Hunting Expedition with the Head-Hunters of Borneo.

The Thrilling Experiences of a Man Who Lived a Year with the Most Bloodthirsty Savages in the World.

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